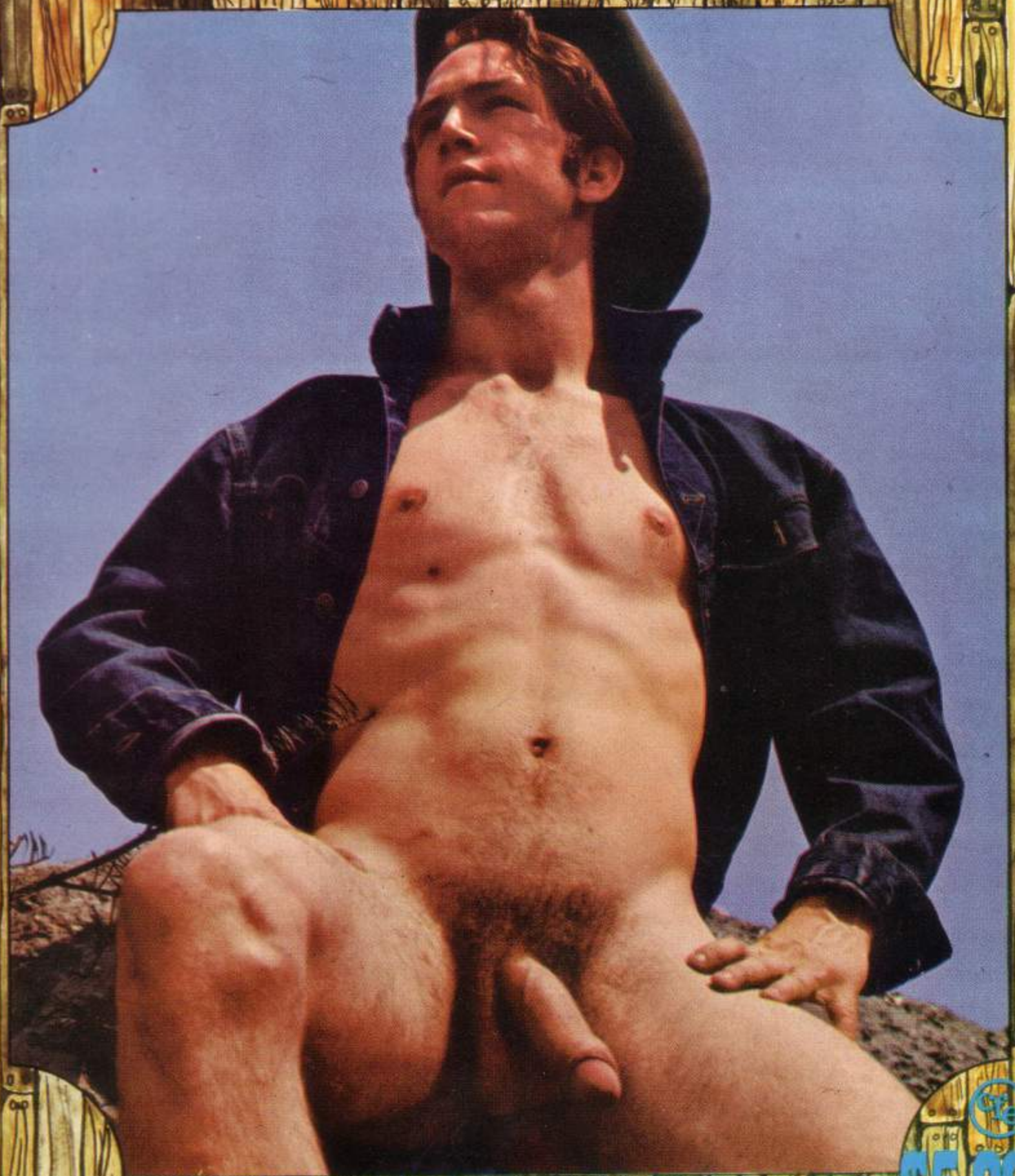


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Short Story
ARROYO MOON

S. Wasserman

Frontcover
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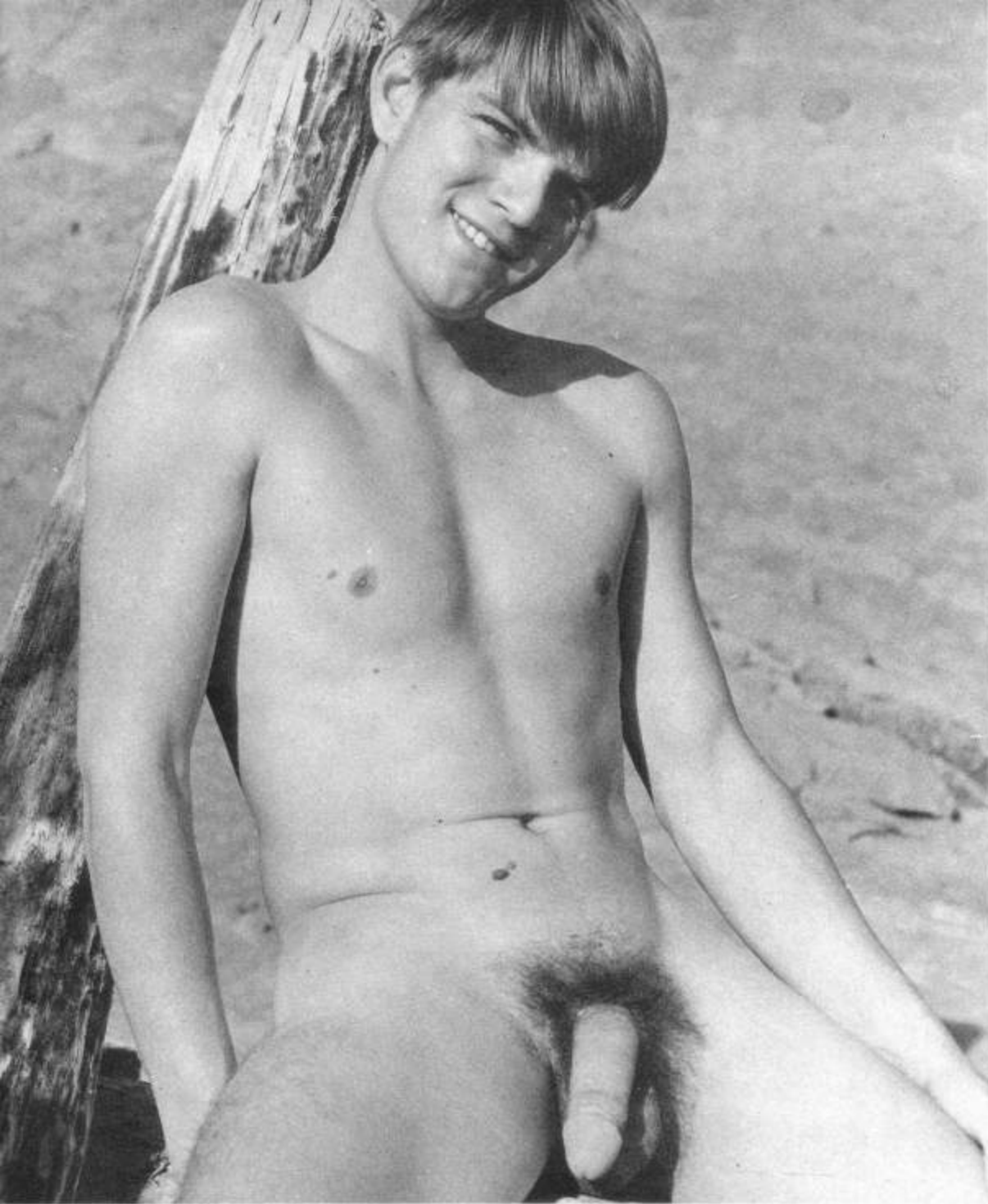
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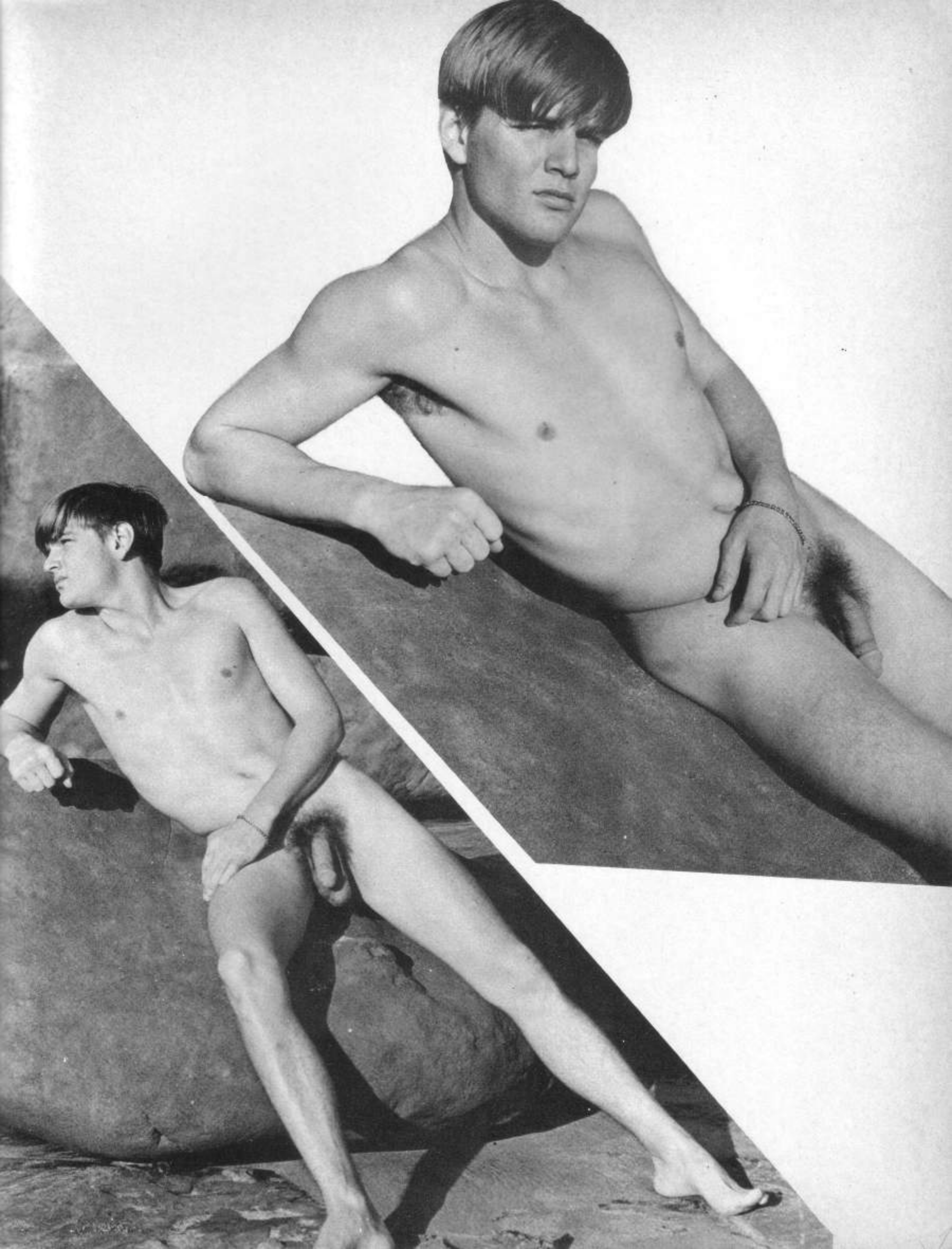






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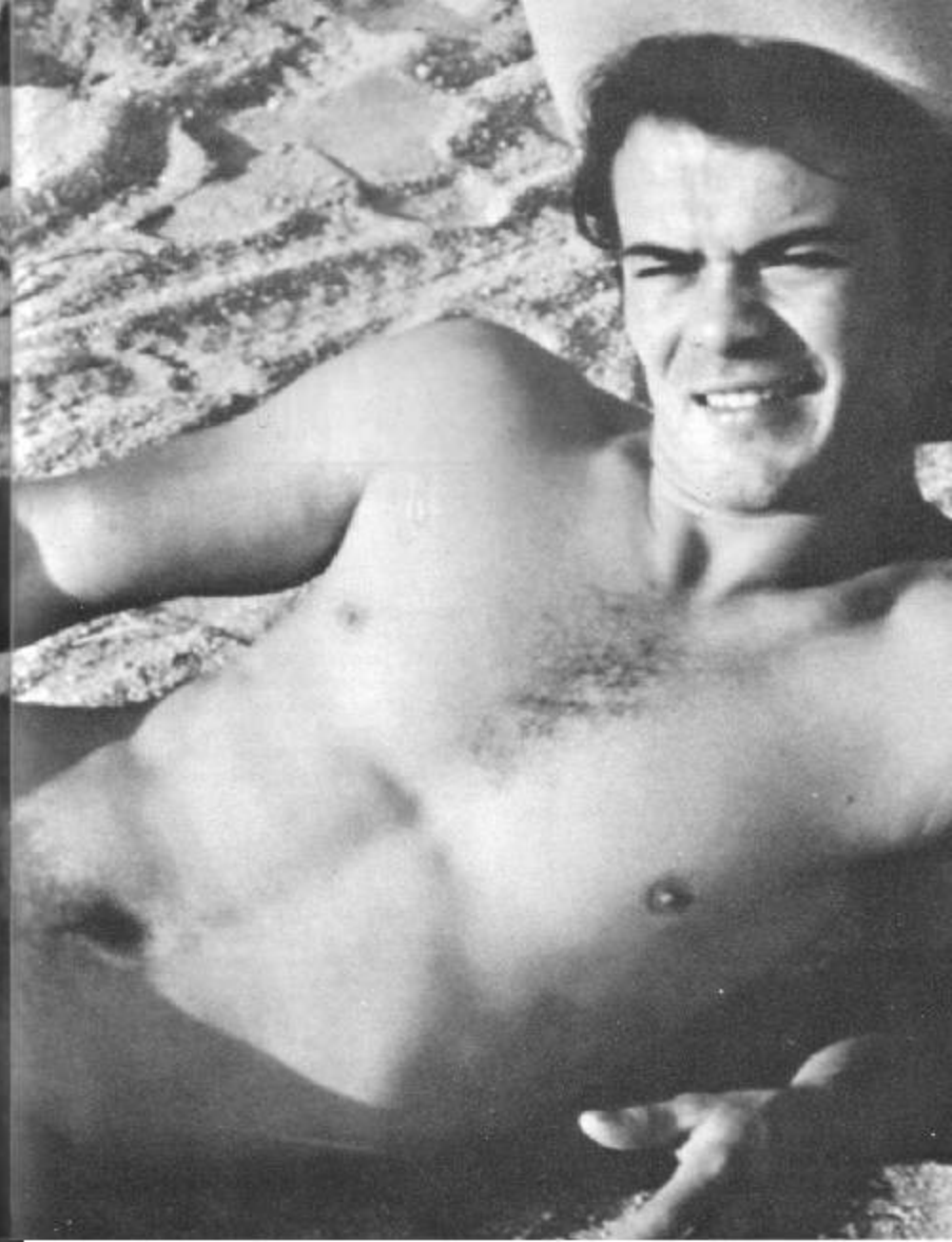




**RUSTY
BLACK**







It was a fraud, a hoax, a put-on, a come-down. A goddamn shame. **El Rancho Molloy**. Translation: Ranch Motheaten. My vacation hideaway was nestled deep among the parched canyons of Old Arizona. Where fearless ex-gunslingers wrest a good living out of a clump of sagebrush, chalky soil, and gullible Easterners. Like me. Dodd Barker. Fresh from the fleshpots of Martha's Vineyard, and out West soaking up atmosphere for **Arroyo Moon**, my new novel due at the publishers by December 1st or else.

O.K., I was biased. I expected a low-slung ranchhouse, sleek horses, gingham-clad ladies, muscular cowpokes, natural grandeur, and a few cents worth of inspiration. The ranchhouse turned out to be a 2-story frame salt box badly in need of a paint job. The horses looked dusty

and skinny. Mrs. Malloy — the only lady on the premises — apparently preferred dowdy rayon prints to gingham. There were no cowboys, muscular or flabby, in the immediate vicinity. No cows either. The surrounding **grandeur** may have been natural. But at the prices I was paying the Molloyes for my summer board, I was in no mood to appreciate purple hills and cactus. Before I lugged my last valise out of the car, I was rehearsing speeches demanding my money back.

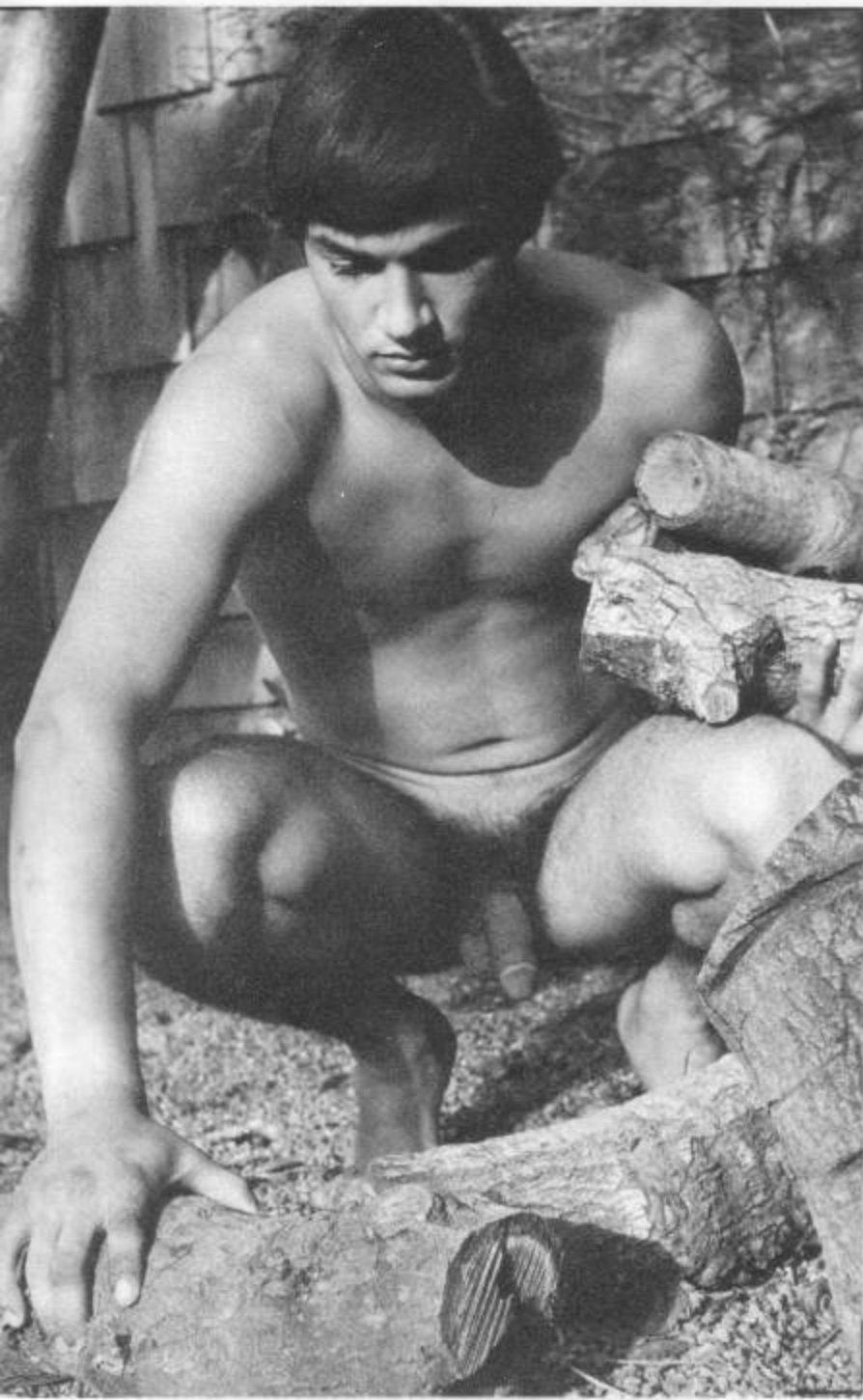
ARROYO MOON

by **S. Wasserman**

Within twenty-four hours, I'd changed my mind. I had already learned to distinguish a saguaro from a yucca. To savor the smell of the desert after rain. The horses may have been less than sleek, but they were right kindly to my Eastern backside. Mrs. Molloy's notion of style outraged me, but her spoon bread and chili soothed the inner man. I set up a table between two cacti, and before long I had outlined a few chapters of **Arroyo Moon** which was developing into the story of Virginian farmers — like the Molloyes — who journeyed westward to try their luck in Arizona.

My host was about as authentically Western as chow mein. You couldn't help liking him, though. He tried to please. Still, I had gripe material. The "pleasant accommodations" offered in Molloy's come-on letter whittled down to a narrow bed in a narrow room shared with Mr. Molloy, Jr. Andy.

Andy. My second gripe. I had the legitimate beef, but Andy was the one loping around with a chip on his shoulder. Andy was totally unlike his parents — and much prettier. The older folks proved to be ideal companions for a writer: sociable upon request,



invisible when I sat at the typewriter. The one member of the household I would have liked to ride the range with eluded me. Except at mealtimes, Andy effaced himself with a vengeance. When I did see him, he remained distant and unfriendly on a full-time schedule.

I wondered why.

It wasn't the age gap. That could be easily spanned. Andy must have been pushing seventeen. Broad and strapping, with thick black hair and smoky gray eyes, he didn't look that much younger than the Molloy's star boarder. Hell, I'd celebrated my twenty-third birthday on the way down to Tucson. I thought maybe he didn't cotton to Easterners. Most often, he elaborately called me "Mr. Barker." Or somehow my first name got garbled to "Dude." Maybe he resented having to share his room.

I had the impression, however, that the room had been shared before my arrival.

I asked Mr. Molloy.

"Sure. Ped, our hired hand, bunked in with Andy. Had to let Pedro go. Not enough work for him. And — " His voice trailed off. "And look at all the money we're raking in from you," I supplied silently.

That must have been it. Andy missed his roommate. Probably resented doing his share of the chores that had fallen to Ped before I came on the scene. That wasn't my fault. If he persisted in avoiding me, to hell with him. I wouldn't let it bother me. But it did bother me. I don't enjoy being avoided. My work day never exceeds ten hours. That leaves fourteen for relaxation, and I can't really relax without a companion. Time for sleep? I file that under relaxation. Same difficulty. I suppose I **can** sleep alone — but I don't get all the benefits.

Strange how Andy slept in the same room with me and how seldom I actually saw him. He rose early, dressed quietly, and was out long before I unglued my eyes. What he found to do in the evenings, I don't know. Yet when I stumbled into bed, gluttoned with spoon bread and sunshine and desert air, the second bed was always empty.

The crisis came after I'd been there about a week. It was one of those days when the heat seemed painted on to the sky in slashes of red and amber. Even the typewriter keys felt steamy. A swim was indicated.

Mr. Molloy proudly suggested Tish River — with that pride Westerners summon up when they describe local water, any water. I considered lassoing Andy in for the excursion but, as usual, Andy was out of sight. In spite of the horses' kindliness, I drove out to the river. River! I guess we's call it a creek. An arroyo. A shallow ravine with muddy, water shining placidly in the stark sunlight. At least it was wet. I expected to find a group of other hopeful swimmers. The place, however, was entirely deserted.

Almost. One lonely figure trudged along



the dusty path leading to the river. My phantom roommate! I was surprised how glad I felt to see the young bastard. What's a swim if you don't share it!

I spoke gruffly, the words meaningless, punctuated by heartbeats thumping in my chest. "What are you doing here all alone? If you would have told me, I could have saved you the hike. How's the water?"

"Just got here," Andy murmured.

"Well, dude as I am," I tried not to sound too sarcastic, "for once we had the same idea. Right?"

Andy actually smiled. He looked younger, suddenly vulnerable. I knew we were going to be friends. But I'd have to take it slow. He was just a kid after all. What I interpreted as antagonism might have been shyness. Encouraged by his smile, I chattered. "I'm gonna strip down an' you won't fish me out of that water till night time."

Andy grinned again and peeled off his shirt. "Wouldn't do that, Dodd. Might be late for supper. Mom's fixin' enchiladas. Ever taste mom's enchiladas?"

I dropped my pants.

"Who taught your mother to make enchiladas? Your Mexican friend, uh — what's his name — Pedro?"

Andy had unbuttoned his jeans. He held them bunched at his thighs. Suspended. His grin seemed suspended in time, till it was wiped off abruptly, leaving his features blank.

"Do you miss him, Andy? Lonely without the hired hand?"

It was the wrong thing to say. I tried to swallow the words. Sure, at seventeen a boy could be lonely, miss his Mexican ranchhand, his roommate. Just as I would miss Andy if he left me now.

The boy spoke barely above a whisper. "Yes, I miss Ped." Then in his surly tone: "What's it to you, Mr. Barker?" He hitched up his jeans. "I gotta get back now."

"No. Don't go, Andy."

Andy wasn't heeding appeals from a hated dude. Ignoring me, eyes down, he fastened his buttons. It was fantastic — a scenario, not real, not happening. I couldn't let him go. I grabbed his shoulders. The impact sent him spinning. Down, almost in the water. I fell on top of him. We wrestled, silently, hating each other, alone in the vast sun-baked valley.

Andy had the advantage of about five



years. But I was heavier and my muscles weren't all dude's muscles. I reveled in the advantage of the aggressor. And the sudden spur of desire. The boy was defeated before he started. Maybe he craved defeat. He lay back quietly, panting, sullen.

"Now you're gonna stay, and you're gonna join me in a nice long swim. How about that, Andy?" No comment. "Come on, kid, may as well peel down. We'll feel better after we've had a dip." I spoke gently. Calmly. Without

betraying a trace of the excitement hurtling through my blood.

Surprisingly, he wasn't even sweating. Or protesting. The sullen mood had vanished; Andy seemed serene, confident. As if he had at last achieved his goal.

I'd been nearly naked when we tussled on the ground. I took off my socks. I started to lower my shorts. Now there was a problem. Should I swim in my shorts? Spring it on him when we were safely in the water?

I glanced at Andy. He was slowly shedding his clothes. Smiling companionably. Finally, he shucked his briefs. He wasn't going to spring it on me in the water! He stood nude, his husky body firm and hard-muscled. Tense, but no longer vulnerable.

I slipped off my shorts and we smiled at each other.

"Why do you miss Ped?" I asked, knowing the answer.

"He — we — did things. I'm not gonna miss Ped any more." All questions answered the way we wanted them to be, Andy grinned. "Race you to the water!"

We raced, but didn't quite reach the water. On the chalky ground, we tumbled together and wrestled. It grew dark at the edge of the stream. The moon rose.

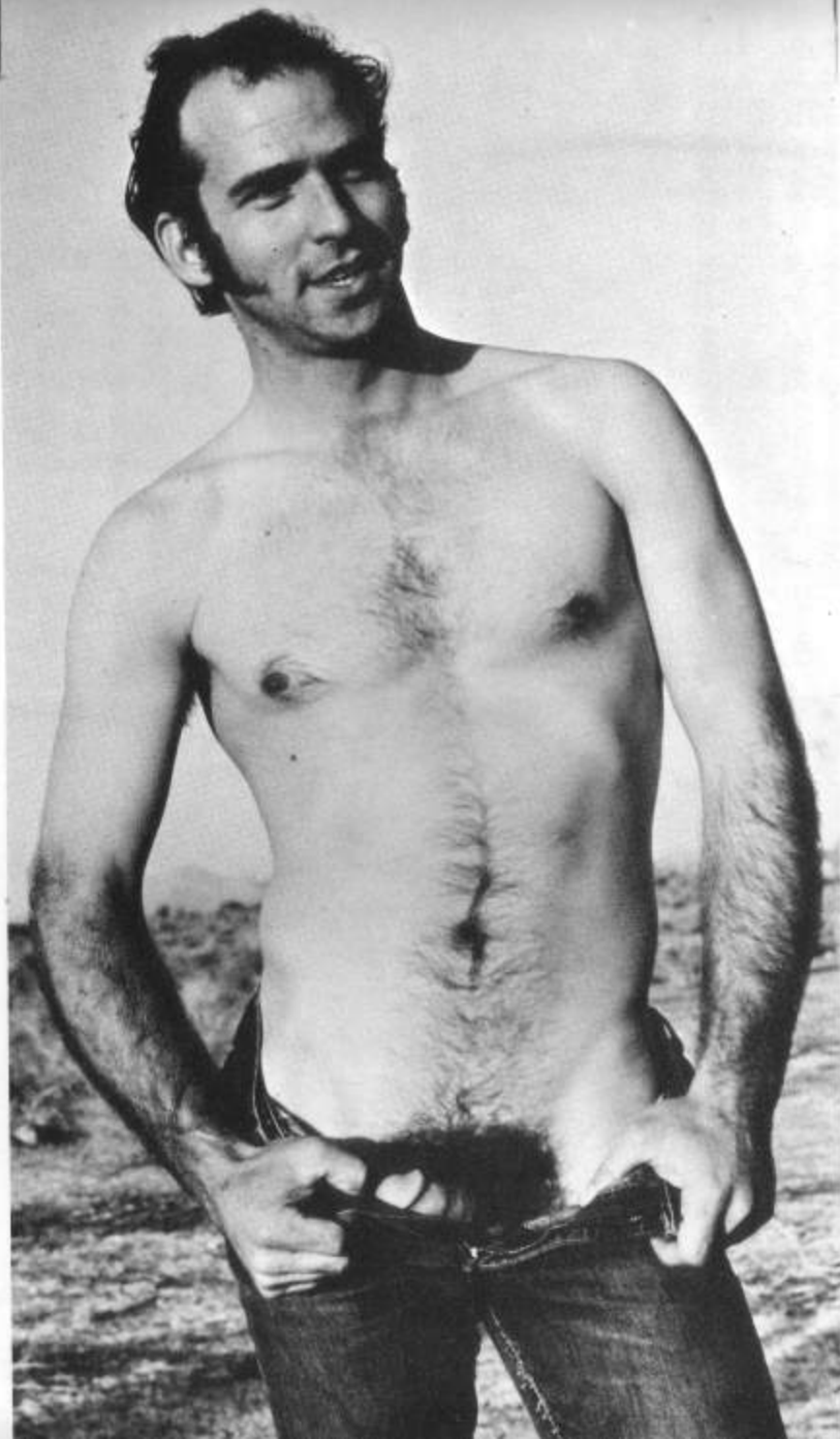
That night we were late for supper.

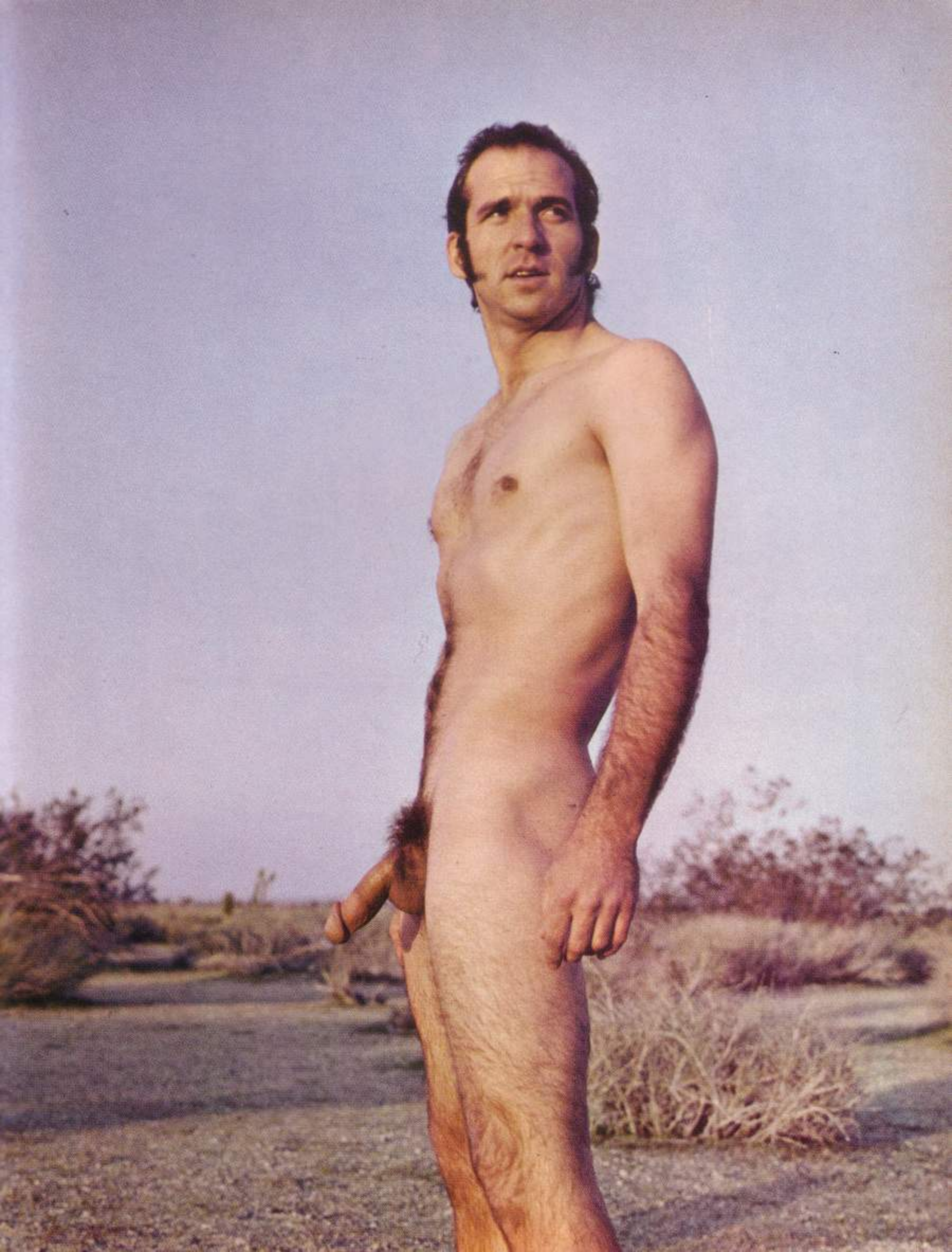
By December, my drastically revised version of **Arroyo Moon** was completed. I never sent it to the publisher. Too personal!



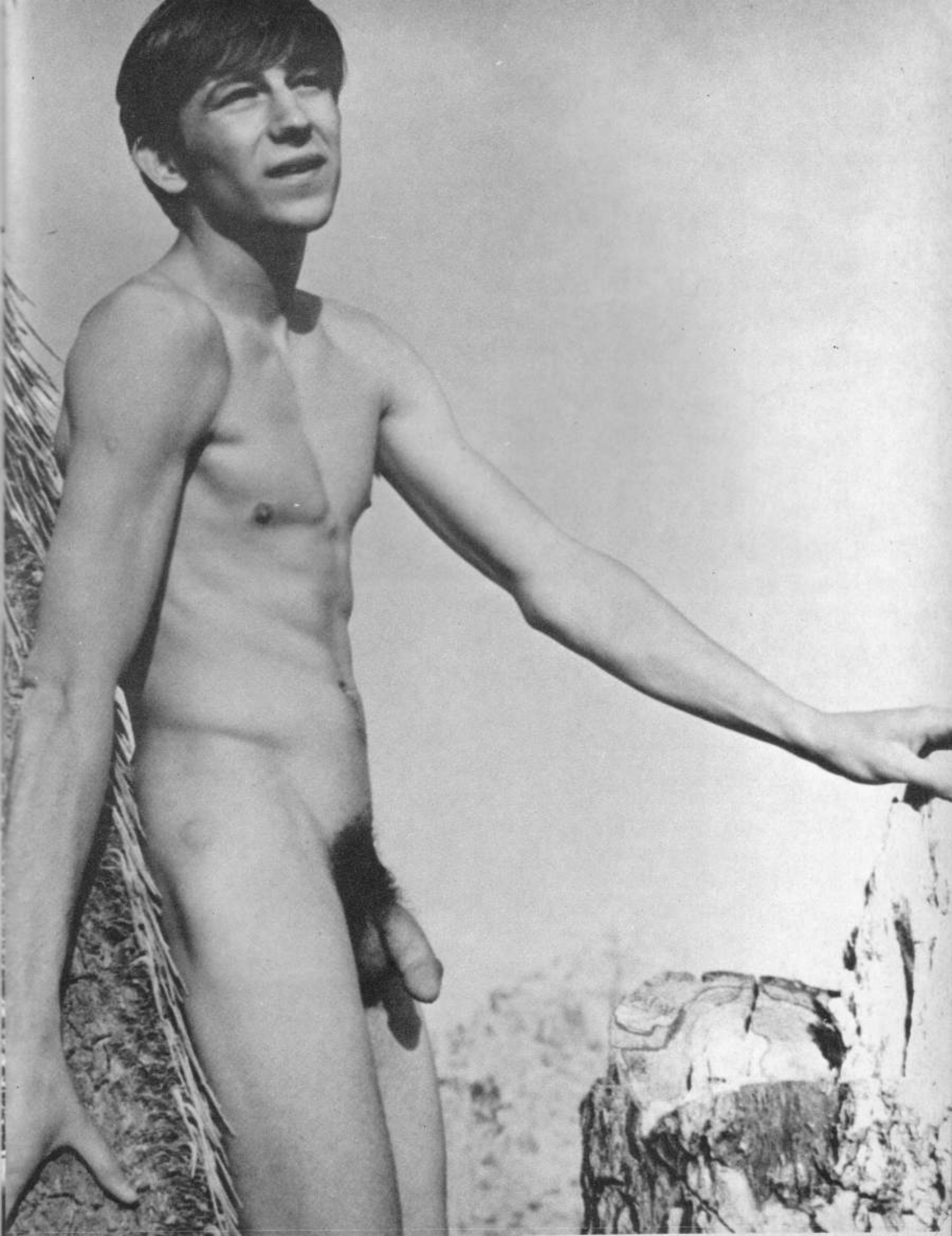


JERRY FOLSOM

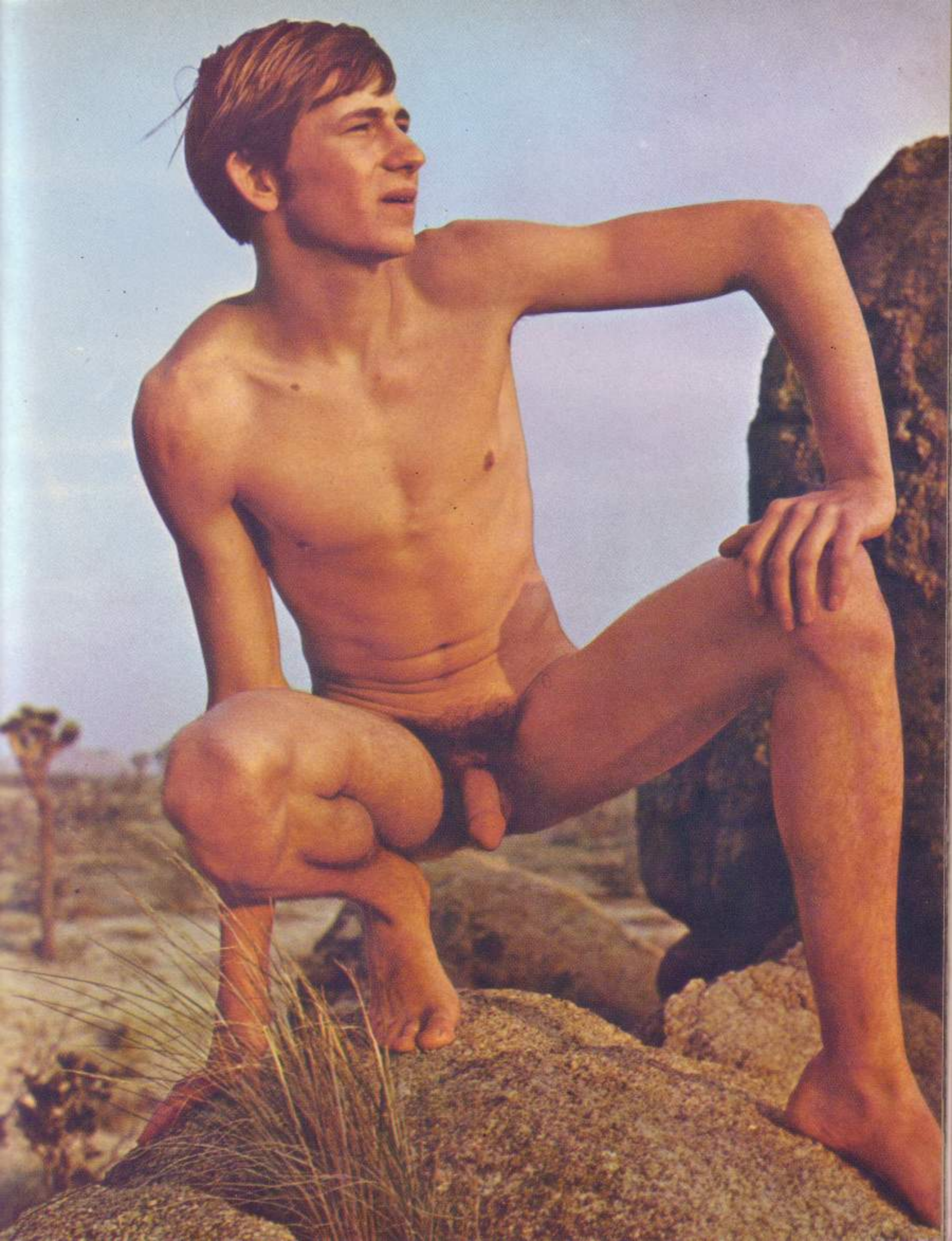


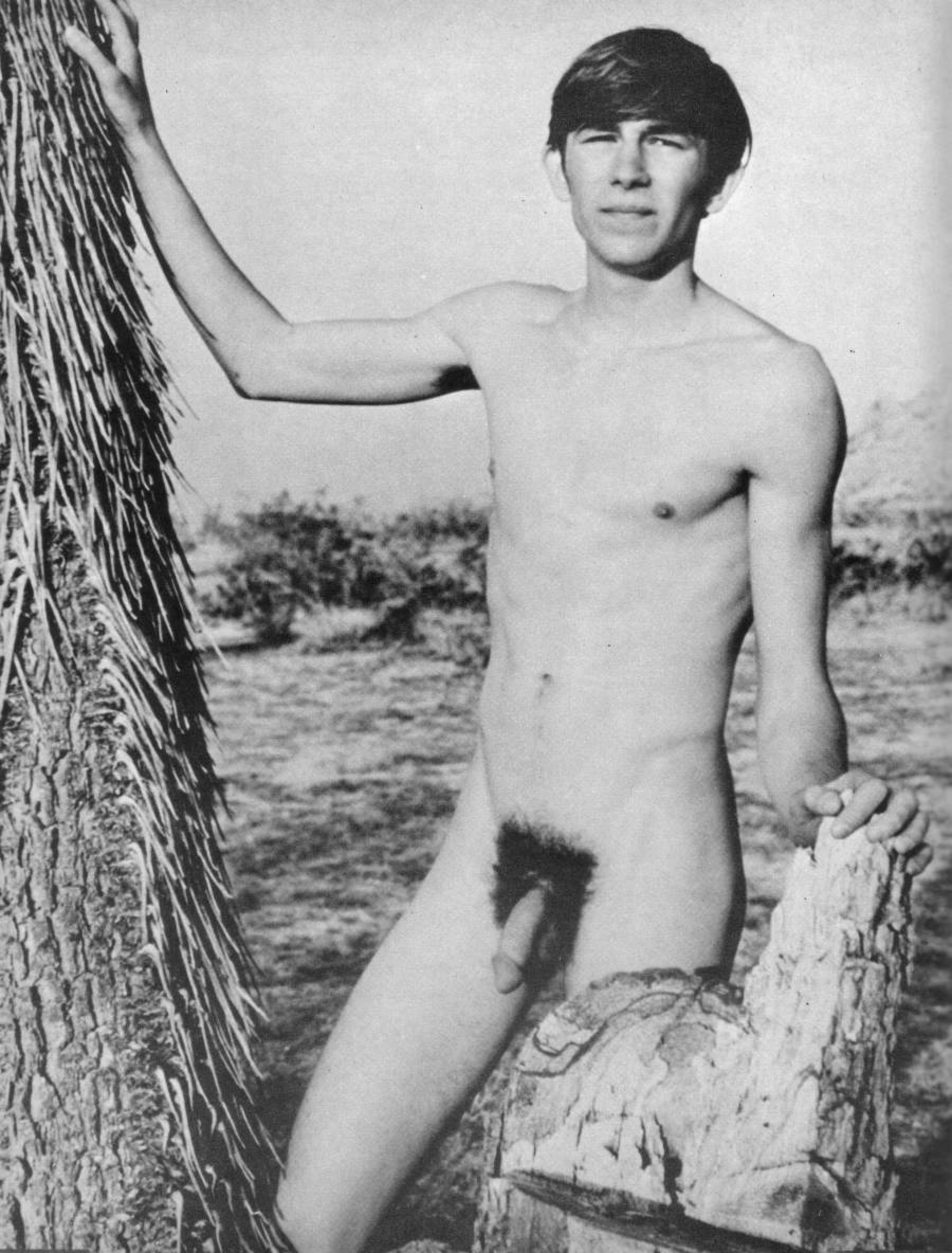




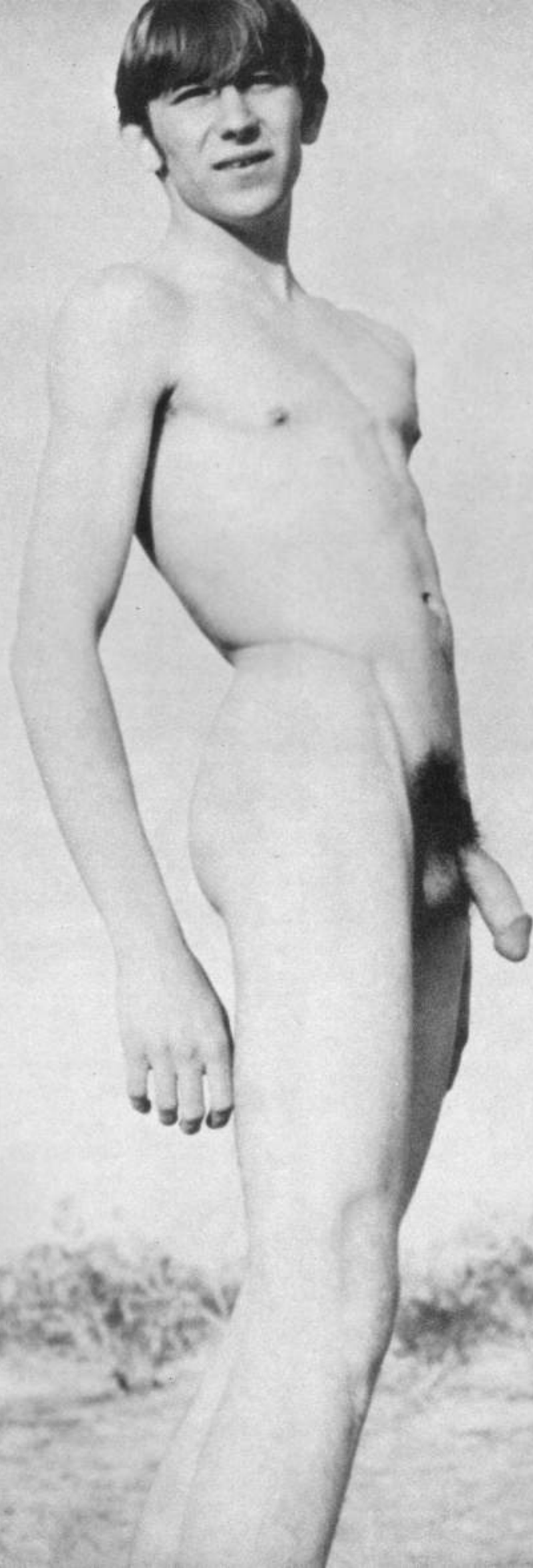


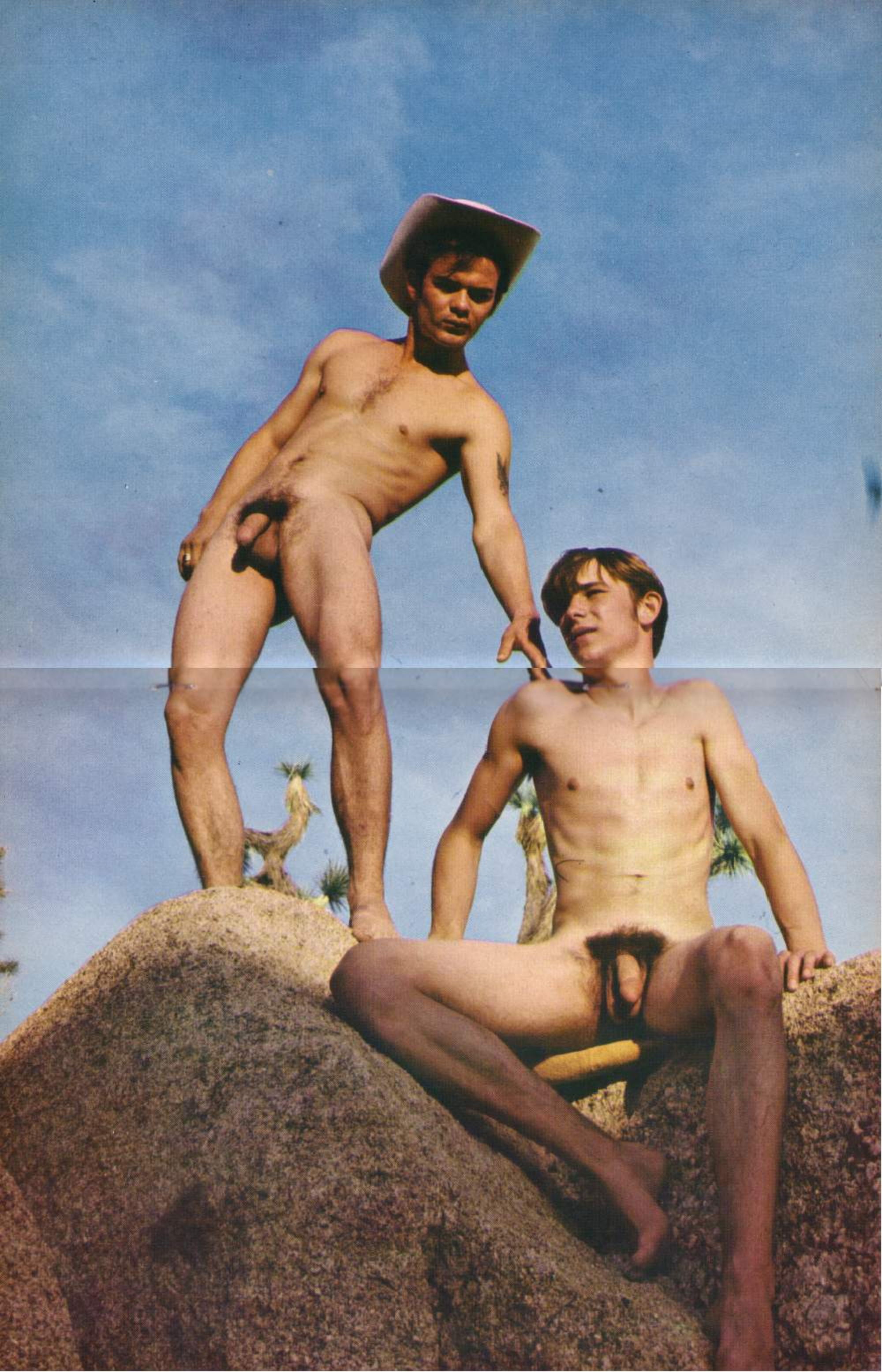






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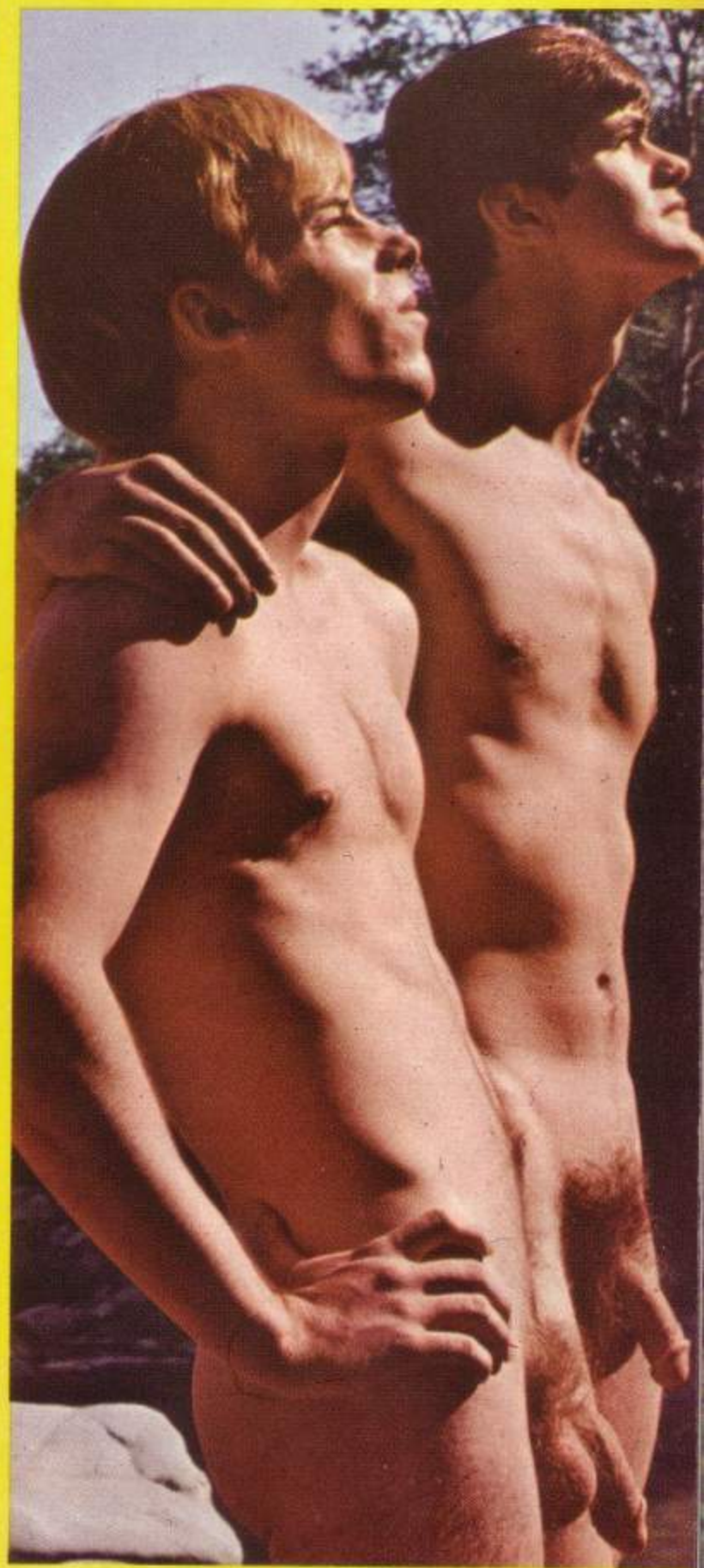




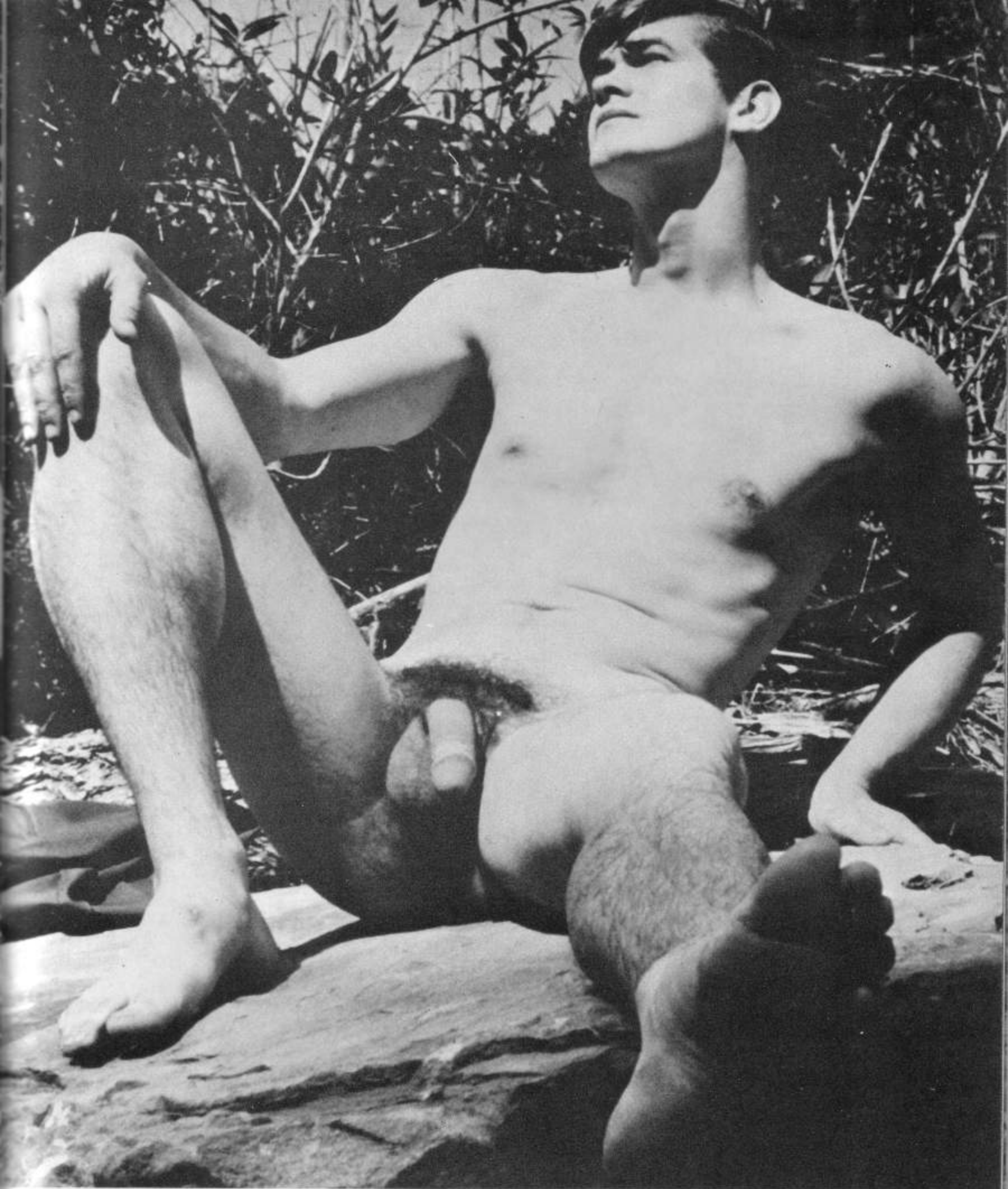
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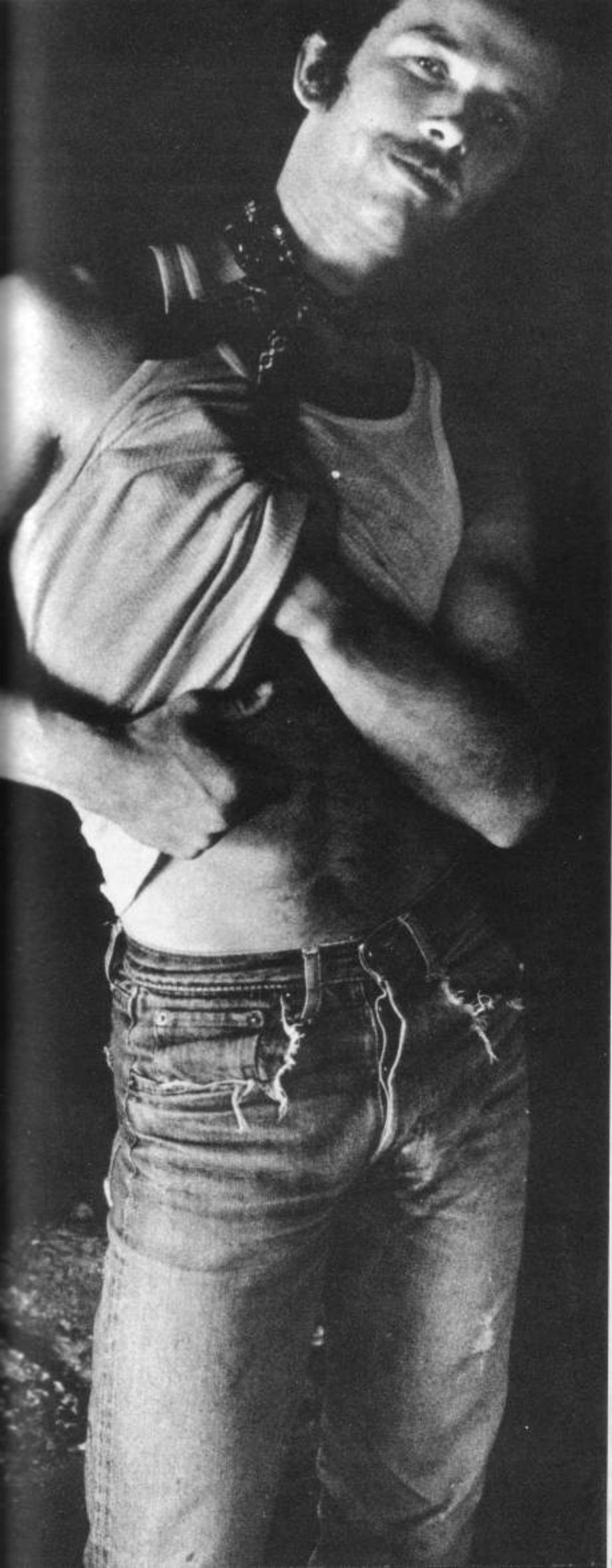






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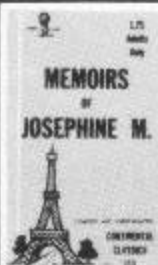
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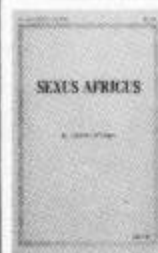
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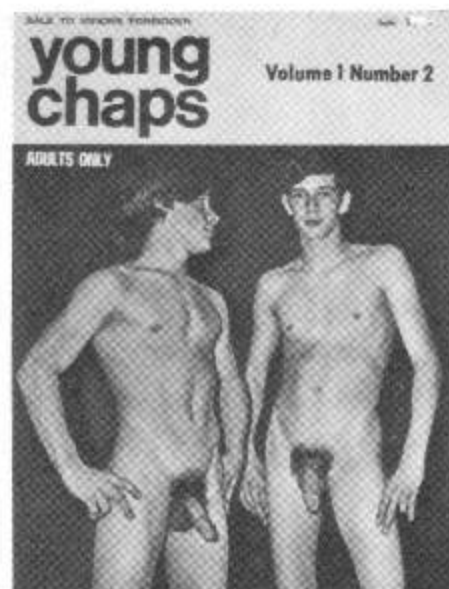
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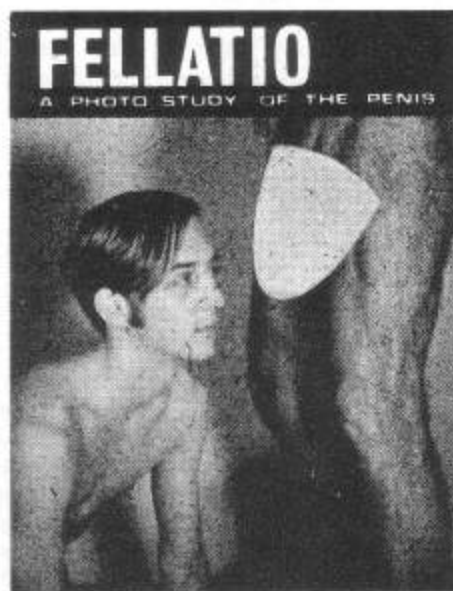
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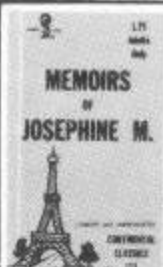
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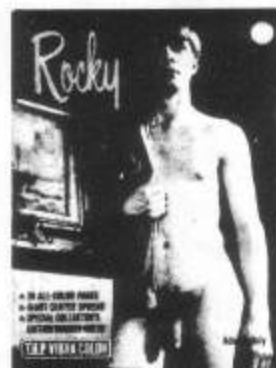
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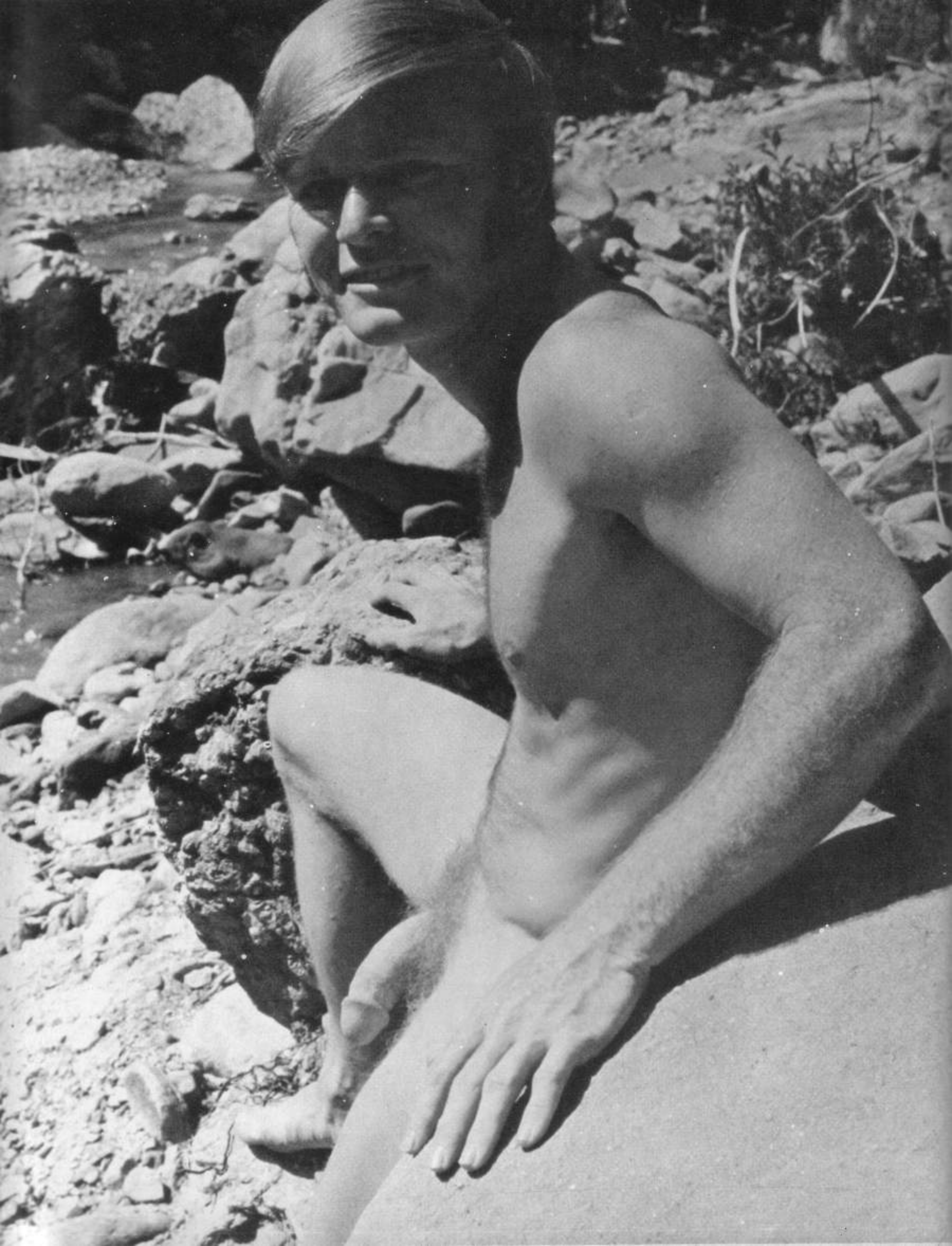


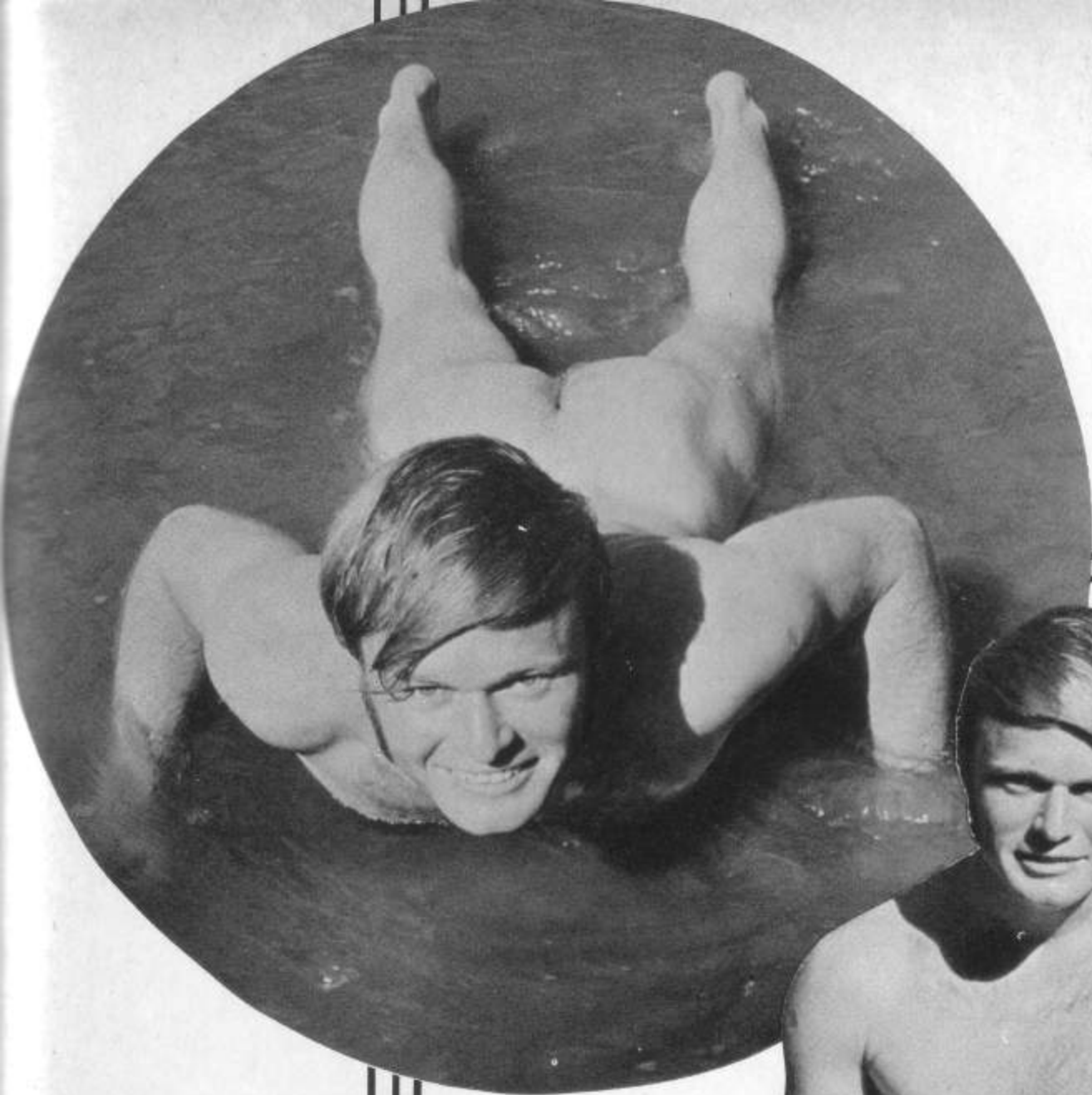
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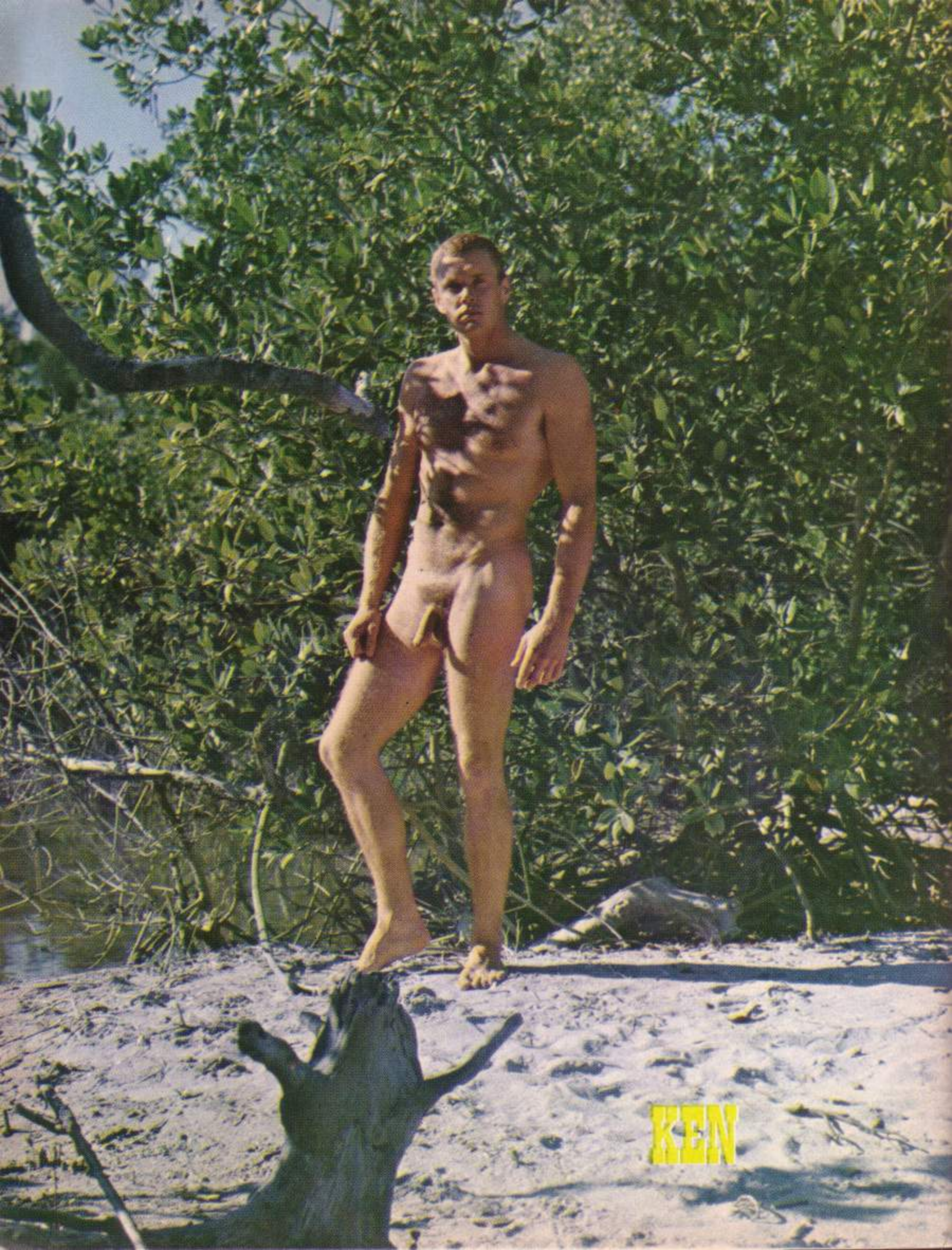












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